THE WORLD'S FAIR

Opening of the Paris Exhibition by President MacMahon.

A GORGEOUS CEREMONY.

The French Republic Greets the Nations of the Earth.

BRILLIANT GATHERING OF PRINCES.

Thrilling Scene on the Declaration by the Marshal.

CHEERS, FLAGS AND CANNON.

Immense Throngs of Delighted Frenchmen.

A DAY OF SUN AND RAIN.

Enthusiastic Reception of the President—The Republic's Triumph.

THROUGH BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

A Stroll Among the Beauties and Wonders of the Exposition.

WHAT THE NATIONS ARE DOING.

Condition of the Various Displays as Seen Yesterday.

AMERICA'S EXHIBITS.

Paris, Risen from Her Ashes, Resounds with Joy.

ILLUMINATIONS AT NIGHT.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

PARIS, May 1, 1878.

The great International Exposition was opened to-day by Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic, surrounded by a distinguished throng and before 100,000 people, under circumstances of the most favorable character. The weather for forty-eight hours previous had been unusually heavy with rainstorms, thunder and lightning, which had considerably retarded the progress of work in the buildings and the grounds. Last night Paris was swept by a torrent of rain which rendered the grounds sodden and miry, particularly retarding the horticultural arrangements. The workmen, however, persevered valiantly in fighting the rain, like soldiers in the field, resolved that the 1st of May would find France keeping troth with the world and opening her prodigious Exhibition at the appointed time.

A THREATENING MORNING.

Paris went to bed last night with a hopeful heart and awakened early to find the morning threatening, showery and dismal. But, bless you, the Parisians jumped out of bed with an air of brisk confidence which only the Frenchmen can compass when France is in question. The morning was not auspicious, but then it was not all shadow, and there were rifts in the clouds through which the sunshine came from time to time. What of the slight rain? That was not much to bear for the honor and glory of France to men who had faced the iron rain of shot and shell for her. They would be of good cheer and they were. They seemed to conquer the elements which were in a capricious mood, and were at last allowed to celebrate their great festival without very great discomfort.

PARIS ALL JOY.

Paris, queen city of the world, was in festival. Every avenue and every street bloomed width flags, save up in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the royalists sulked. But that was a small matter. The tricolor was on the breeze by thousands. Flags of every nation were floating out in the sunshine and the rain, and our beloved Stars and Stripes was seen in every street. How many thousands of people were abroad it would be impossible to say. There were over a hundred thousand on the Exhibition grounds, but then the principal streets, despite the weather, were almost impassable toward noon.

A HISTORICAL CONTRAST.

Seven years ago, in this very month of May, the writer of this despatch came into Paris from Belgium. In the train were three or four passengers belated like himself. The suburban stations were massed with Prussian troops, and Moltke's guardsmen crossed bayonets over the tombs of the kings at Saint Denis. There were two or three frightened porters in the vast station of the Northern Railway—the station where thousands of voyagers surge to and fro from Paris every day. The lights were out. I passed into Rue Lafayette, where the double line of lamps are blazing to-night in long, waving almost endless lines of beauty—where crowds of citizens are strolling watching the bazaars, finding their comfort in the spring air and the joyous night. The street was dead. There was no sign of life but an occasional soldier hurrying to his quarters and the stately tread of guard relieving guard. I came into the boulevard sweeping around that Babylonian pile, the new Opera House. A barricade frowned upon it. Soldiers were camped within its walls. The boulevard—as it was this evening perhaps the most joyous scene of real life on the globe, a mass of color, motion, gayety, contentment and peace—this incomparable boulevard was as dismal as one of the avenues in Greenwood. The cafés were closed, the gas was out, the boulevard was dead. Here and there was a furtive straggler, and if you cared to take the most desirable stroll that the idle man, the man of fashion and taste, can find in Europe, your only society would be the echo of your footsteps. As I turned into the Rue de la Paix, there, in the clear spring midnight, was the figure of Napoleon in monumental bronze. The Rue de la Paix was a camp, the Vendôme place or the column Vendôme a barricade. That column was soon to fall, and fall it did, to the applause of thousands of Frenchmen who danced a carmagnole over the shattered Cæsar. Sentinels surrounded the column, and a sentryman challenged you if you cared to go and read of the glories of the Emperor. Cannon were booming, and boomed through the night. The shell and shot rolled along the Champs Elysées where now the children play.

BETWEEN GERMAN AND COMMUNARD.

One section of Paris was in desolation from the German bombardment. But a greater ruin was impending. Palaces were to burn, the torch was to find its way into the library, battle after battle was to be fought in the streets, more men were to be slain at their own fires than have been slain in battles which decided the fate of nations, and this queen of cities, the envy and the glory of the world, was to become the scene of massacre and rapine. Seven years ago, on this very night of May, the Commune was in sway in Paris, and the cannon which your correspondent heard booming during the night were the cannon of MacMahon's army, which he was even then marshalling for an advance on Paris.

PARIS RISEN OUT OF HER ASHES.

Well, it came to pass, even as here written, and the world mourned the destruction of Paris, for surely no sadder sight was ever seen on this woful earth. Yet seven years have passed away, and May is here with its sweetness and life, and the leaves come forth, and guns are booming over beyond the Seine. These guns are telling that France has opened its gates for all the world to come and see its Exhibition and that Marshal MacMahon has set out on a different errand than fate imposed upon him seven years ago, for he to-day declares the Exhibition open. One who knew Paris in that day of sorrow and despair would scarcely know her now. You look in vain for the marks of the conquering German or the destroying Commune. The Tuileries is in ruins still, but the workmen are busy over it, and it might be only one of those works of improvement which you see around public buildings. The Hotel de Ville assumes its old, perhaps a grander shape. The Palace of Justice is more stately than the one which Bergeret and Razoua burned. If you look closely at the statue of Strasbourg in the Place Concorde you will observe three small wreaths of immortelles. Some sorrowing Alsatian thus reminds us that Strasbourg has gone, and, with her, rich, industrious Alsace and beautiful Lorraine. But these are things that none but over-curious eyes will see on this day of revelry and pomp. Paris has opened her gates; the flags are streaming from her walls; every face has a smile and every smile is a welcome: all France seems to be here and all Europe to smile on France. Wherever you go there are crowds, streaming crowds; streaming, happy, exultant crowds. Music and banners, crowds of French and English and Americans, all eager to be among the guests at the Industrial Palace on the Champ de Mars.

THE ROAD TO THE EXHIBITION.

I will tax the reader's patience to go with me as we visit the Exhibition and see what we can see in the train of this brilliant company. Of course there are crowds, vast crowds, in spite of the doubtful weather, but let us be as patient and good-humored as our friends the policemen, for instance, who are doing all they can. You will observe as we drive along, slowly enough heaven knows, that this Exhibition is almost in the heart of Paris. It is not in the country like our own Centennial, or in an outlying park like that of Vienna. We are within a few minutes' drive of the Champs Elysées, of the Arch of Triumph. We leave the Champs Elysées on our right. This road is one of the banks of the Seine, and the avenue of young trees overhangs a road for horsemen, where on any other day you would see some of the famous men in France. We have just passed the Place Concorde and the fountain which you admired marks the spot where the guillotine stood when it shore off the head of poor dear Marie Antoinette. Perhaps this is not the most agreeable remembrance, especially on a gala day—but you see in this France, this strange, wayward, beautiful France, one must be prepared for all manner of remembrances, good and bad, sorrowing and rejoicing.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

On our right among the trees you see a large straggling grayish building. That is the Palace of Industry, where the pictures are shown and where Paris has all manner of exhibitions as the seasons come and go. On our left across the river is a gilded dome, lifted high in the air. Under that dome sleeps Napoleon. You might note under less exacting circumstances a fine open parade ground stretching from the other bank to the door of the church in which the Emperor sleeps. You might see batteries in motion, and squads drilling, and blue-coated old Invalides veterans dimly remembering Eylau and Waterloo looking on and sneering at breech-loaders and other new fangled notions, and mourning over the decay into which war had fallen since their old leader went to his rest within the bronze gates and under the jasper stone. But the parade ground, as you will observe, looks like a market-sheds and booths cover it, and if we had time to stop, as we must in a day or two, we should see a wonderful assortment of cattle and sheep from the Loire and Normandy, from England and Wales. This is a part of the Exhibition, and I am particular in pointing it out because it is the first boundary of the Exhibition, which, beginning on the Champ de Mars, has been running in all directions across the river, up and down Trocadero hill, along the banks of the Seine, and here, as you will note, right up to the gates of the Invalides and the doors of the Foreign Office. Well, we keep on, making our way as best we can. We have time to admire the commanding hall of the Exhibition as we creep along. It is on the crest of a hill. In other days this hill was a park, and people used to come in the afternoon and stroll and view Paris.

TROCADERO.

Trocadero was one of the three natural points from which you could see Paris as you would a picture; the other two being Montmartre and Père La Chaise. It was here that Napoleon intended to build a palace for his son, the King of Rome, only events were too swift and imperative for him. Within a moment's walk is the house where Franklin lived. The street bordering one edge of the building is called the Rue Franklin in honor of our illustrious countryman. The house still stands and no doubt lodgings could be had, if you do not mind how everything has risen, in the very rooms where the philosopher took tea with Adams and Jefferson and repeated the gossip of Versailles to Mme. Helvetius.

COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE EXHIBITION.

You will observe, for there is no use in hurrying, that the hill of Trocadero is really a bluff on the river bank. The plan of the Exhibition was to take this hill and park, widen the bridge across the Seine—the very bridge of Jena that Blücher wanted to blow up after Waterloo—and connect it with the long wide plain so well known in all French history as the Champ de Mars. This gave a continuous open space, broken only by the river, from the crest of the Trocadero hill to the doors of the Military School; a parallelogram about four times as long as it is wide. It is not easy to compare spaces, and I only speak from memory and observation, but I would say that if you drew a line from Bleecker street to Union square, and from the Fourth avenue to the Sixth, you would have about as much space as is occupied by the Exhibition. But you will see soon that this is the only point of resemblance. In this show you have the height of Trocadero, you have the terraced bank running down to the river, you have the river and the plain beyond. You have all this, and around it the wealth and the magnificence of Paris.

AN UNSURPASSED VIEW.

There are two or three points within these grounds where you have a view surpassed for civic grandeur by no other in the world. I cannot conceive that Babylon or Nineveh or Rome, in their proudest days, having a more imposing view than this from the Trocadero towers—the monuments of Paris, the stately domes and temples, the miles and miles of majestic houses that sweep about you in all directions until they are lost in the forests of Longchamps and Vincennes.

THE CHAMP DE MARS AND HISTORY.

And if we had not other business pressing we might dwell upon the scenes, memorable in French history, which took place on the Champ de Mars—what thousands, and thousands, and thousands of men were to march and countermarch under the eyes of Condé, and Luxembourg and Napoleon, only to vanish into the night and leave these spindles and belted wheels and shop windows in their stead. Somehow two events always come to me vividly whenever I see the Champ de Mars, and I thought of them as I was passing through the pavilion of the city of Paris. That pavilion stands on the spot where Talleyrand as bishop, with priests around him, celebrated mass and blessed the standards of the French Revolution, and where the first Bonaparte after his return from Elba made his last histrionic appearance before the army and people of Paris. There can be nothing more in keeping with the irony of history than that the spot where Talleyrand made his last appearance in the character of a priest, and Napoleon his last appearance in the character of a rouged emperor, should now be the central shop in a wilderness of shops, and polite Frenchmen eager to show you laces and silk, cheese and wine.

POLITICAL VALUE OF THE EXPOSITION.

If these thoughts weary you and keep us from the main errand you will note that it is a slow, a very slow business, reaching this Trocadero Palace, and that we cannot help taking our time. The roads, too, are heavy with the rain of the last forty-eight hours. Moreover, there is this about Paris—that so deeply has its history and its renown become engraved upon the imagination of the world that one-half of the attraction of the city is in these historical memories which greet you at every step. If this were merely a shop we were approaching, a collection of Broadway stores, an amplification of Stewart and Cladin bazaars, it would be vast enough, and well worth coming over the water to see. But it is more, far more. Here this Republic of France lies in repose, like a soft, sunny valley, with volcanoes around it—volcanoes spouting fire and death. Russia in full eruption; Turkey extinct, but blackened and warm with the running lava; Austria uneasy and throwing out smoke; England trembling, and sending forth smoke and fire—wherever you look, clouds, ominous clouds, and all the signs of war. Yet here is France beautiful and prosperous. The rain and the sunshine have fallen upon her torn fields. Her wounds have been healed. Prosperity has returned. The Republic has conquered the despotism of the Commune on the one hand, the despotism of Bourbon and Bonaparte on the other. Combative, valiant, emotional, the Frenchman, after seeking the phantom glory in every quarter of the globe—after pursuing it for centuries over a thousand fields—now turns his sword into a pruning hook and finds it in peace and liberty and labor. To my mind republican France, quietly building her Exhibition—resolutely building it—and going on in spite of war, in spite of the sneers of some, the misgivings of others, the open enmity of the Bonapartists, who believe that no material gain can come from any one but an Emperor, in spite of Germany's ostentatious refusal to come, republican France steadily, patiently putting together this wonderful show, is a victory for peace greater than any achievement in her brilliant deeds of war.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE EXPOSITION.

This, at least, romantic or sentimental or whatever you please—this, at least, was my thought as I looked from the terrace of the Trocadero Palace and saw the Exhibition around me; before me saw the banners of all nations flying from its façade; saw the gigantic figures on the façade which typified the various nations of the world. As I remarked a moment ago, the plan of the Exhibition is a parallelogram.

THE TROCADERO PALACE.

We enter the Trocadero palace, the work of the city of Paris. This, like the Art Building in Philadelphia, is to be a memorial hall, a permanent edifice, dedicated to exhibitions of French art. It is in a semicircle, with a modest dome in the central pavilion, flanked with two lofty, graceful towers, and looks out toward the Champ de Mars. The walls show signs of hurried workmanship and some of the mosaics on the floor are not dry, and all about the walls we note painful, glaring unreadiness and lack of preparation. But it is in design and execution an incomparable show-building. The artistic effect, as seen from the outside, is not as fine as might be; but the mass of other buildings crush it, and the idea is not so much the outside appearance as the inside comfort.

A GLANCE OVER THE GROUNDS.

As we stand on the balcony of this main hall and wait for the procession of notables to come and join us we have the whole Exhibition at our feet. There is nothing imposing about it, not more than the Central railroad station at Forty-second street. Of the two the effect of the Central station is finer because the roof is higher. You see a terraced garden running down to the river and at your feet an immense fountain or cataract in the Roman fashion splashing out volumes of water. In this garden are various buildings, one devoted to the Algerian exhibit especially worth a study.

ORNAMENTAL BUILDINGS.

As Algeria is the colony of France pains have been taken to make her show as attractive as possible. On the other side is a group of buildings devoted to Tunis and Morocco, China and Persia. If you wish to study the life of the Oriental you will have your chance here. The treatment of the garden is fine. The fountain runs into a series of descending basins, and then by some underground process forces its way to the river. There is an aquarium on the left, which some day, when one is not hurried, will repay a visit. There are grottoes and smaller cascades and trees and flowers and winding paths, the shrubbery trained and twined about the Exhibition buildings and kiosks until you think that the work before you is the work of many seasons, and not a few hurried weeks in spring. The rain has played sad havoc with these, but in a day or two all will be bright again. As we pass through these grounds we keep our way down to the river. Immediately on the river bank, jutting against the wall, are two long, narrow buildings devoted to French achievements in civil engineering and architecture. All this open space between the art hall and the bridge has been made a most attractive and beautiful park, and during the long summer twilights of France there can be no more agreeable spot for dinner, gossip, music and conversation.

FROM THE BRIDGE OF JENA.

The bridge which here crosses the Seine and unites the two factors of the Exhibition has been widened and is now a splendid promenade. We pass over, and as we pass we note the effect of the two buildings—the semi-circular hall on the Trocadero crest, gay with flags, and the main hall, which lifts its massive front before us, and from whose summit the flags of nearly every nation in the world—of every one at least which exhibits—are floating, our own toying in the breeze side by side with the flag of Mother England. We cross the river in a hurried, crowding procession, the authorities keeping what order they may. One remembers how, on our opening day in Philadelphia, the procession broke into a mob, how President Grant was whirled in one direction and Brazilian Majesty in another, and how people as illustrious as Phil Sheridan and Roscoe Conkling were seen drifting about like waifs. Well, things are managed better here, probably because a pageant is no new thing and the people have learned the one valuable lesson for a day like this—that if you will only take your time you will see everything and nothing is gained by treading on your neighbor's heels. So we cross the river, glancing up and down the stream to take in that never-wearying scene of beauty and majesty—Paris as seen from her meadow banks.

THE GARDENS.

Here before us is another broad, grateful mass of greenery—another garden, other kiosks, other grottoes and two lakes, whose shining waters throw a welcome over the high, lowering wall. The gardens here will be as pretty as what we left on the other bank, except that it lacks the sloping hillside and is merely a rolled level space. Here is a music stand in the centre, and here are shrubs, which have not always been here, and rustic bridges. We cross this garden, over which the cool breeze blows from the Heights of Passy. The heavy rain has been at work here also doing damage. On one side is the Custom House and a railway station. England has a special building, double-arched, for agricultural implements. Spain is putting the last touches upon an exhibit in the Alhambra style, which, with its graceful lines, its wealth of color and ornamentation is among the attractions. So little has been done to make the French buildings anything more than cold, unambitious show rooms, that anything with color and expression and especially with new ideas in architecture will be a relief. Monaco has an ambitious building in white stucco work, which looks like an advertisement for the gambling den at Monte Carlo, while there is a Belgian restaurant in genuine red and yellow brick—in striking contrast with any fantastic lines of the Spanish Alhambra, where I have no doubt you could find an honest loaf of bread and a glass of generous wine.

THE STATUES OF ALL NATIONS.

Here before us, however, is the main building, or rather the hive of buildings, for there is no one principal hall like in Vienna and Philadelphia. Dismiss all idea of anything like that wonderful dome that seemed to float over the Prater, or that marvellous *coup d'œil* of industry, art and science, that came upon you as you stood in the centre of the Centennial Hall. The ornamentation of the front is full of character and spirit. Twenty flags are floating from decorated columns. At the top of these columns are the coats of arms of the various nations. At the base of the column is a figure of heroic size representing each country. These figures are ingenious. Egypt, with Cleopatra face, holds up the diagram of the Suez Canal. Italy holds a model of the Roman wolf, and in the tresses of hair the olive and the grape are festooned. Japan has been touched by a loving hand. The form is covered with embroidered garments. On the head is a jewelled braid. One hand rests on an antique vase, while the face is losing itself in the folds of luxuriant drapery, and the other hand presses a cluster of tea leaves to the bosom. The figure tells the whole history of that most interesting country even if you did not read it in the tender strength of the Mongolian face. There are Greece and Belgium, Russia and Switzerland.

ABSENT GERMANY.

You look in vain for Germany. Perhaps the absence of Germany from the hall was only too eagerly seized as an excuse for removing her flag from this array of flags, and her emblem from this gallery of emblems. But somehow the eye looks instinctively for Germania when we see a group like this, and it would have been a consummate stroke of revenge to have placed her side by side with Helvetia and Britannia. But one must not be too critical over a sentiment which excludes German from the fête days of France.

THE STATUE OF COLUMBIA.

Here, however, is our own beloved Columbia. We stand middle in a row which embraces Sweden and Norway, England and Australia. As a Frenchman's conception of America the figure is disappointing. There is all the Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia, but no sentiment. The figure is crowned with civic leaves. On the forehead is a star. The face is Greek and expressionless. In one hand is a pole, and from this pole the Star Spangled Banner falls and enfolds the two shoulders. One feels that the artist must have been thinking of the patriotic actor in a Bowery theatre who never wanted to die unless the American flag was wrapped around him. The other hand rests on the lictor's fasces and holds a scroll. On this is written "Constitution." At the foot is an eagle with strained neck, looking into America's face as though the bird were hungry and wanted to eat the scroll, constitution and all. If there had been one suggestion of the higher life of America—a broken link, telling we had destroyed slavery; even if the material achievements of our civilization had been limited—one might have looked with pleasure upon our position among the nations. But with only the eagle, the flag and a scroll there is nothing but Hail Columbia, and if any American should come in the night and break it with stones I will subscribe to a defence which will rest upon "justifiable homicide."

HELMETED BRITANNIA.

England stands helmeted, her hand grasping a trident. Even Australia, with a nugget in one hand, a pair of wool-clipping shears in the other and a sheepskin over the shoulders, means something, while ours has no meaning which an American cares to see blazoned in a foreign land.

THE VISITORS ARRIVE.

Tickets admitted the people to the Exposition at eleven o'clock, and shortly after that hour the gates were thronged as the visitors passed in. To the main entrance, on the Trocadero, came the diplomatists, officers, members of the Academy, in their coats of green and embroidery; the Prefect of the Seine, in silver and embroidery; one mass of glittering splendor with Senators and deputies all wearing scarfs, and representatives from all the great bodies—executive, legislative, judicial and municipal—in France.

THE RECEPTION SALOON.

The reception saloon in the Trocadero Palace was hung with Gobelin tapestry and fitted with scarlet upholstery and furniture. It was a fine sight as the brilliantly clad officials and illustrious guests filled it. The effect of color was something to be remembered.

AMERICANS ARRIVE.

Minister Noyes, accompanied by Minister Welch, from London, and Minister Bayard Taylor, on his way to Germany, were among the early arrivals. The sun had come forth from the clouds by half-past ten o'clock, and was shining gloriously, but at half-past twelve there was a sudden thunder storm which drenched many ladies' dresses and men's uniforms. Changeful weather—sunshine and thunder storm—typical of the strangely checkered destiny of France.

THE AMBASSADORS.

The first arrival was the Chinese Ambassador who came at five minutes past one, gravely returning salutations to the military and civil powers who received him. He wore the Oriental costume. The Japanese Ambassador followed, but he wore the European court dress. The contrast was odd, public opinion respecting the superiority of the Chinese taste. Next came Prince Orloff in state, wearing the uniform of a Russian general.

ESCORTS OF HONOR.

All the royal personages were particularly honored with cavalry escorts sent to their hotels at one o'clock. The presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies were similarly honored. As each of these escorts arrived, glittering and clattering, at the Trocadero entrance, the bands played and the infantry saluted and the Prefect of the Seine received the distinguished guests. This made a pleasant succession of bright and animated scenes that kept everybody interested.

MADAME LA MARECHALE.

Mme. MacMahon arrived with her son in a private coupé, and was received with every mark of courtesy.

AN EX-QUEEN.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain came shortly after, and then, at twenty minutes to two, Don François d'Assise, her husband, with the Spanish Embassy. Their reception was stately.

AN EX-KING.

Prince Amadeus of Italy, ex-King of Spain, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Aosta, arrived five minutes later. He wore the uniform of an Italian general and was surrounded by a splendid suite. He was loudly cheered. His face looked younger and less careworn than when he was the centre of Spanish sovereignty.

HEIRS APPARENT.

Then came William, Prince of Orange, heir apparent to the crown of the Netherlands, accompanied by his uncle, Prince Henry of Holland. In a little while arrived the Prince of Wales, with a splendid escort. He came in a state carriage and wore the scarlet uniform of a field marshal. He was loudly cheered as he walked to the palace, bowing. On his arm leaned his brother-in-law, Frederic, Crown Prince of Denmark.

CANROBERT.

At ten minutes to two came Marshal Canrobert, limping with gout, to which, like Bonaparte, he is a victim. It was something to see this *coup d'état* hero bound to the conquering car of the Republic.

M'MAHON AND THE PEOPLE.

All along the route from the Elysée to the Trocadero troops had been drawn up, and at half-past one President MacMahon, seated in a carriage of state and surrounded by his military household, set out for the Exhibition. His reception by the immense crowds of citizens along the Champs Elysées was most enthusiastic. Cries of "*Vive MacMahon!*" "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive la France!*" greeted him at every step, and the grim old soldier's face was lighted up by a smile, which had not been seen on his face in public since he rode at the head of his victorious army into Milan. All memories of the 16th of May seemed to have been dispelled from the minds of the people.

THE PRESIDENT ARRIVES.

At two o'clock precisely the President arrived at the main entrance amid loud cheers. The bands struck up, and the Prefect of the Seine and all the great officers of State went forward to welcome him. He looked well, but quite gray. The Marshal entered the saloon and greeted the guests.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

A procession was then formed which marched from the Grand Arcade to the tribune or platform overlooking the whole scene of the Exposition—the fountain in front, the gardens on each side of the Seine, the river itself, the main building beyond and the city of Paris. It was much as when the President of the United States goes to the balcony of the Capitol at his inauguration to take the oath, surrounded by the Senate and House—the same brilliant retinue, and even something of the same scuffling.

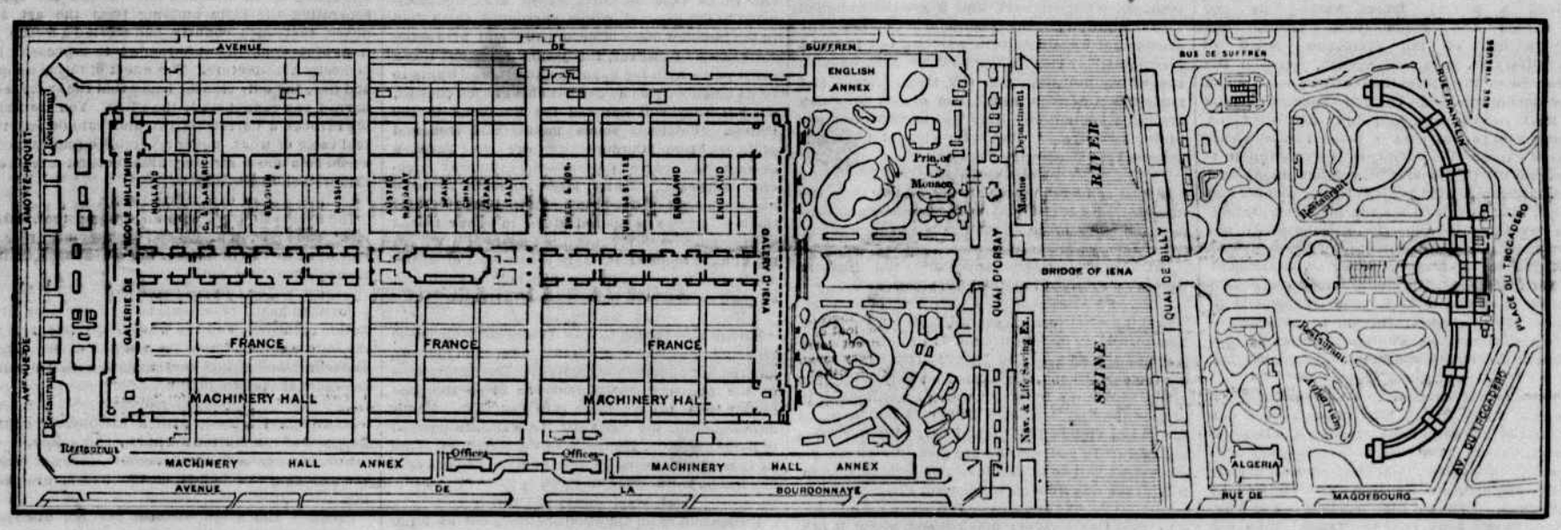
THE GROUP ON THE BALCONY.

MacMahon took a seat in the centre of the tribune. On his right were Don Assise, the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Denmark; on his left were the Prince of Wales and Prince Amadeus. Around him were the diplomatists, Marshals of France and Senators—all the great names of France and many of the greatest names of Europe. The German Ambassador, Prince Hohenlohe, was conspicuous there, showing a cordial interest in the proceedings. An invitation had been sent to Cardinal McCloskey by Commissioner McCormick, but the Cardinal's health made him dread the fatigue and he did not come. Queen Isabella sat near Mme. MacMahon.

THE MINISTER'S ADDRESS.

At this point M. Teisserenc de Bort, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, came forward and read a short address to the effect that the idea of holding an exhibition suggested itself the day after the definitive concentration of the Republic. Republican government thus gave stamp to the tendencies and aims which it wished to assign to its efforts, and testified its faith in the stability and fecundity of the institutions it had founded and its

GENERAL PLAN OF THE EXHIBITION SITE.



The above Plan shows the relation of the main building to the Gardens and hill of the Trocadero on the left bank of the Seine. The Plan is divided into two sections by the river, and the latter is crossed, as shown, by the Bridge of Jena. This Plan is published in order to give the reader a general idea of the site of the Exhibition.